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month sence, a young lady, Miss Rafferty by name, fell into the same waterfall, and was nigh hand drowned; and indeed would be to this day, but for a young man that jumped in afther her; indeed a smart slip iv a young man he was; he was out o' Francis-street, I hear, and coorted her sence, and they wor married, I'm given to undherstand; and indeed a purty couple they wor.) Well, as I said, afther flutterin' over the wood a little bit, to plaze herself, the goose flew down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flyin' roun' his dominions, just as if she had'n't flew three perch. Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and better nor ever she was; and when she lit at his fut, he patted her an' the head, and 'ma vourneen,' says he, 'but you are the darlint o' the world.'

“ ‘And what do you say to me,’ says Saint Kavin, ‘for makin’ her the like?’ ‘I say,’ says the king, ‘that nothin’ bates the art o’ man, barrin’ the bees.’ And do you say no more nor that?’ says St. Kavin. ‘And that I’m beholden to you,’ says the king. ‘But will you gie me all the ground the goose flew over?’ says St. Kavin. ‘I will,’ says King O’Toole, ‘and you’re welkim to it,’ says he, ‘though it’s the last acre I have to give.’ ‘It’s well for you,’ says St. Kavin, mighty sharp, ‘for if you didn’t say that word, the devil recieve the bit o’ your goose id ever fly again!’ says St. Kavin.

"Well, whin the king was as good as his word, St. Kavin was *plazed* with him, and says he, 'King O'Toole, you're a decent man, I only came here to *thry* you. You don't know me,' says he, 'I'm deceavin' you all out, I'm not myself at all!' 'Blur-an-agers thin,' says the king, 'if you are not yourself, who are you?' 'I'm Saint Kavin,' said the saint, blessin' himself. 'Oh, queen iv heaven,' says the king, makin' the cross betune his eyes, and fallin' down an his kness before the saint, 'is it the great Saint Kavin,' says he, 'that I've been discoorsin' all this time, without knowing it,' says he, 'all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gossoun*? and so you're a saint,' says the king. 'I am,' says Saint Kavin, 'the greatest of all the saints!' For Saint Kavin, you must know, Sir, said Joe, 'is counted the greatest of all the saints, becase he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah.

“ Well, my dear, that’s the way that the place came all at  
 wast into the hands of Saint Kavin; for the goose flew  
 round every individual acre o’ King O’Toole’s property, *bein’*  
*let into the sayeret* by St. Kavin, who was mighty *cute*; and  
 the king had his goose as good as new, and the saint supported  
 him, after he kem into his property, until the day av his  
 death; and when he was gone, Saint Kavin gave him an illi-  
 gant wake and a beautiful berrin; and, more betoken, he *said*  
*mass for his soul, an’ tuk care av his goose.*”

**IRISH MINSTRELSY.**

The Irish are enthusiastically attached to every thing connected with their native land. We believe that many who do not understand the characters of the Irish tongue will yet be glad to see them in our periodical, and if this department of our labours be approved, we will continue, from time to time, to present the most choice of the bardic remains of Ireland to our readers.

The aptitude of the Irish language for lyric poetry has been often observed. The poetry of many of our songs is indeed already music without the aid of a tune. The harmony and cadence of the Scottish dialect of the English tongue have flung peculiar charms round the rural poetry of Scotland, and the language of the Italians has been deservedly celebrated for imparting these qualities to their admired productions. But let the *Irish* reader compare with any of them the following version of MOLLY A STORE.

maire chaise.

A Mhàire Chuirle! a bhlàth na fìjine,  
 Thèig an oinich n-jar d'n Màir,  
 Bèul yr bjinne ná 'n chuach aji b'le,  
 D'fag tū me-yr a' n-jangndòh báir;  
 Mj léir damh coingeal, clár ná fujneann,  
 Ujadh do mheirge, a mé bheag mná;  
 Stáid-bhean mháireach, mhéudugh ar máirg,  
 Och! zan d'fallaigz ljom xó lá!

Shjúbhal me Árdach, a' go Cjonntáisle,  
 go Dhojchead-aíthe, a' aji aji a níj,  
 go Ceátharlach agur go Dún-Pátturjcc,  
 Samhuil Mháire ní phacaidh mé :  
 Cójr-dóhe ánda aji Eachrajbh bána,  
 Mançhluaagh gállda tpojd fá'n mnaoí ;  
 Má d'jmthjgh tú, Mháire, go bh-fjljdh tú rlan,  
 'S go n-déanfadh do r'áisle rolur gan grian.

'S í Máire go deimhín, an Plánda breágh  
leibh,  
Ír réimhíodhe 'r ír deire d'a bh-fuáil le  
fágáil;  
U pjob mar an lile, a rúil mar an g-cuimíodál,  
U gruadh ír deirge 'ná fóir d'a bhreághacht:  
Dochtúiríodhe an cruinnne, a' r a g-cruinníughadh  
uile,  
Ná'ir mhóir an cumair a g-cuir a' r fágáil,  
Ní l'iaighearfadh an a' r ma' n'g, a' r a' dul t' r íom  
ta' r n'g,  
Ucht p' r íg' n mheala d' d' bhe' l' l' n ta' r, t' l' a' z' h.

TRANSLATION.

Oh! Mary dear! bright peerless flower,  
Pride of the plains of Nair,  
Behold me droop through each dull hour,  
In soul-consuming care.  
In friends—in wine—where joy was found—  
No joy I now can see;  
But still while pleasure reigns around,  
I sigh—and think of thee.

The cuckoo's notes I love to hear,  
When summer warms the skies ;  
When fresh the banks and brakes appear,  
And flowers around us rise :  
That blithe bird sings her song so clear,  
And she sings where the sun-beams shine—  
Her voice is sweet—but Mary dear,  
Not half so sweet as thine.

From town to town I've idly strayed,  
I've wander'd many a mile ;  
I've met with many a blooming maid,  
And own'd her charms the while :  
I've gaz'd on some that then seem'd fair,  
But when thy looks I see,  
I find there's none that can compare,  
My Mary, dear, with thee !

*Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.*

TO OUR READERS.

Our First Number is not so varied in its contents as we wished it to be, and as it is in our power to make it: yet we present it as a specimen of what we *can* do, leaving it to the public to decide on what we *will* do. We would not vainly boast, neither would we recklessly promise; but we may be permitted to say this much, that we are neither ashamed of our handiwork, nor afraid of keeping it up. It is an Irish undertaking altogether—Irish paper, Irish printing, the woodcut was done expressly for this number by an Irishman—CLAYTON—and we therefore claim Irish support. The expense of producing such a periodical is great; but very moderate profits will suffice us, if our countrymen only second our endeavours to wipe off the stigma which has, we do trust falsely, been affixed to Irish spirit and to Irish literature.

DUBLIN:

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